

Robert Bourassa at McGill: Cut jobs — create jobs

by David Schulze

Robert Bourassa is still hinting at a political comeback. Calling for job creation and cuts in the public sector the former Liberal premier spoke to a receptive audience of McGill management students yesterday.

"In politics a year is an eternity," said Bourassa. But, given present economic conditions in Québec, he thinks it's reasonable to expect a Liberal victory in the next Québec election. "But I'm not saying who the leader will be," he said with a grin.

Bourassa, premier from 1969 till 1976, nimbly juggled electioneering (his name has been mentioned for the leadership of the PLQ) and a learned

discourse on the economic future of Canada and Québec. Above all he stressed the need for reducing the weight of the public sector, enhancing that of the private sector, and the need for jobs.

"When I took power twelve-and-a-half years ago," he said, "the investment climate was not good. Tens of thousands of people were leaving Québec. We had one priority: jobs, to create 130,000 jobs. Even if there are international factors, there are some local factors such as human and natural resources, that could be extremely advantageous to Québec." Asked about the amazing coincidence of his hefty job creation and the North American economic boom in 1973, Bourassa rambl-

ed right past the question.

"As leader I won two elections on jobs and I lost one on language, so I know what I will do if I go back." Given his experience as premier during "un temps extraordinaire", Bourassa said he would not "close the door" on a return to the leadership at this time of economic crisis.

The establishment of the party, he said, is waiting, but people have approached him and the polls put him in the lead.

Claiming the public sector counts for sixty-five percent of Québec's gross national product, he maintained the government wage bill must be reduced and more money made available to the private sector. He said there must be a transfer of capital from consumption to investment. Among the various measures Bourassa proposed were: tax cuts (especially succession duties, the capital gains tax and the marginal tax rate), development of hydrogen fuel, selling hydro-electric power to the United States, and encouraging foreign investment. He did not explain how tax cuts and public service wage cuts would result specifically in job creation.

He emphasized economic interdependence in a world climate of increasing international tension.

Bourassa remains optimistic about Canada's future. He is optimistic for economic reasons, but also because over the past twenty years Québec has been able to achieve "almost everything" it wanted, including reform of the social and educational systems and the recent language law.



Nina Hagen prepares for her return to Montréal (see story p.11)

South Africa info week starts Monday

by Moira Ambrose

Next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday will see the McGill community inundated with information on South Africa and the corporate connections this university has with Apartheid-based banks and companies.

The McGill South Africa committee (SAC) will be hosting three days of information including books, handouts and films at various locations on campus, aimed at educating students, staff and faculty. This is being done in conjunction with the United Nations' sponsorship of 1982 as the year for sanctions against the Apartheid regime.

SAC member Neil Langley said, "The committee sees its purpose as two-fold. First we plan to push for the Board of Governor's divestment from South African based banks and companies. Second, we want to inform and educate ourselves and other students about the situation in South Africa."

Langley said the information days are part of the second goal and will include both printed documents and films. The group is planning specific events in different locations on campus to reach as many students as possible.

Besides the information days, the committee plans to take definitive action in the form of demonstrations, speakers and attendance at Board of Governors' meetings throughout the year.

The representation of their ideas on the Board of Governors may be hindered by the fact that the recently elected

undergraduate representative to the Board, Patrick Baillie, said in a pre-election interview in *The Daily*, "I have seen evidence that divestment is not going to solve the problems." Baillie supports instead, "suitable investment."

Under the Students' Society's new Terms of Reference for SAC, the undergraduate representative to the Board is an ex-officio member of the com-

mittee.

SAC chairperson Toby Mendel said, "I don't think the ex-officio member should be necessarily be the undergraduate rep. He or she should be the one member of the four student reps on the Board who is most amenable to the committee's goals."

"Anything we want to do on divestment will have to go through somebody besides

Hi-tech conference

On Monday, the Faculty of Education will be sponsoring a symposium on "Satellite Communications: Implications for Education."

The seminar will discuss all communication which directly or indirectly uses satellites. This communication can include telephone, T.V. and other media.

The conference will attempt to answer the questions of whether or not educators should spend billions on a new technology considering recent budget cuts and where they could find the money if they wished to do so.

An international question must be answered as well: In 1974 in Brussels, the United Nations Educational and Scientific Cultural Organisation (UNESCO) and the World Intellectual Property Organization held a conference on trans-border or international telecommunications via satellite. The Brussels conference adopted a prohibition of piracy of signals

transmitted by satellite with the exception that developing countries were allowed this if the particular program dealt with educational or scientific development.

Domestically, if television broadcasting via satellites became the educational medium, would the content, quality and control pass to multinationals? If this occurs, what is the future of smaller producers at the national or regional level?

The major attraction of the exhibition will be the Telidon, displayed by the Canadian ministry of communications.

Speakers include Professor G. Boyd from Concordia, professor L. Marcil-Lacoste from the Université de Montréal and Professor N. Henchey from McGill. The chairperson will be Sarah Paltiel, General Director of Dawson College and member of the McGill Board of Governors. Events are planned all day in room 129 of the Education building, 3700 rue McTavish, from 12:00 to 18:00.

Baillie," he added.

In his campaign, Baillie said he would support student opinion on the Board.

"It is difficult to understand how an undergraduate representative elected by only a little over 300 students can justify being against an issue that McGill students supported in the form of 3,000 signatures on a petition," said Langley.

"Like it or not, this university is involved with continuing oppressive legalized racism in another country. As an institution of higher learning, it should be among the first to take not only a moral, but tangible stand against the abhorrent situation in that country. This shows that talk is easy and action is hard," said Langley.

Rowing club runs for Centraide

by Susan Payne

The McGill University Rowing Team is holding a benefit ten kilometer run on Mount-Royal, Saturday, November 6, from 9 to 2.

Jacqueline Gareau, well-known Canadian marathoner of international fame will participate in this event. Predicting it will fall some 2,000,000\$ short of its campaign objective, Centraide has made an urgent appeal to the population of Greater Montreal and the McGill Rowing Team is doing its share to help Centraide by donating half the run's profits to the charity organization.

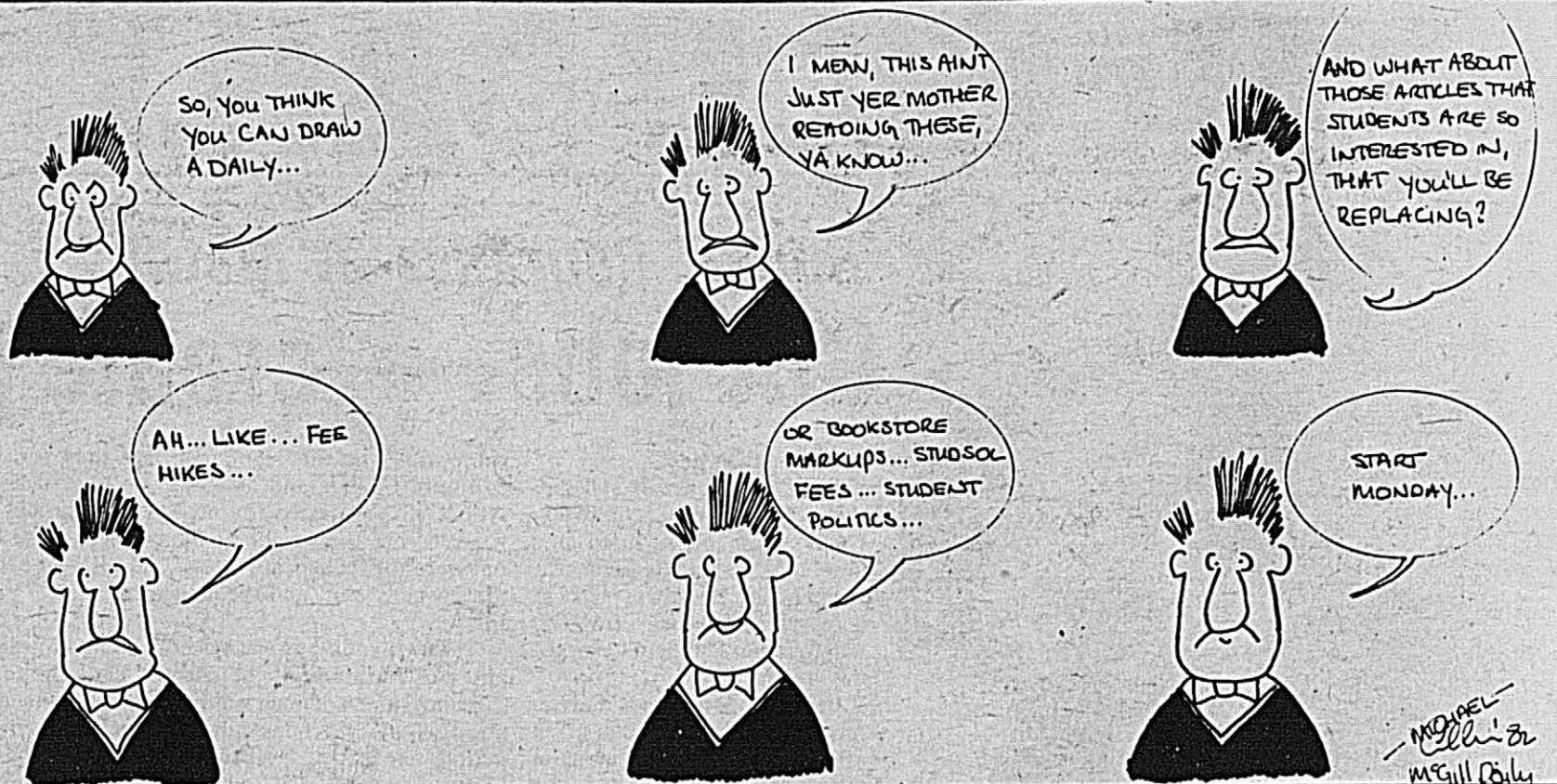
Runners, joggers, sportsmen, and all those interested in participating are invited to meet at

the Georges-Etienne Cartier monument on the Park Avenue side of the mountain on Saturday.

Mr. David Johnston, principal and Vice-Chancellor of McGill University and Mr. Larry Smith, former member of the Montreal Alouettes (1972-1980) and Chairman of the Centraide Residential campaign on the West-Island, will be among the runners.

Pledge forms are available at Centraide, 493 Sherbrooke St. West, at McGill's Currie Gymnasium, 475 Pine Ave. West, at the YWCA, 1355 Dorchester Blvd. West, at the YMCA, 1441 Drummond and at Centre Immaculée-Conception, 4265 Papineau.

Ports and Co., by Michael Allen



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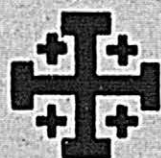
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Coping for Couples
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McGill Christian Fellowship
Brian Walsh on "Modern man has done away with your myths and fairy tales - Christianity is a grand illusion" 4th in "Why I'm not a Christian" series. 7 pm, Union 310.

Environmental Society
Meeting at 7 pm, Union 415.

Lesbian & Gay McGill
Youth meeting at 7:30, Union 425. Discussion centres around being young, gay and innocent.

Psi U
Hangover Pub. 510 Pine. Pub opens 10 pm.
Circle K
General meeting at 7:30, Union 301.

McGill Film Society

Planet of the Apes, 8 pm, L132, \$1.50.
McGill Palestine Solidarity
Meeting to form McGill Palestine Solidarity Union. 6:30 in Int'l Student Lounge.

German Students' Assoc.
Weekly Stammtisch. Café Prag, 1433 Bishop St. From 9 pm on.

Dept of Anthropology
Archaeology Seminar series. Dr. Gramly on Paleo Indian habitation site and killing ground in Highland, Maine, L720, 4:30.

Medicine
"Getting Into Medicine". Dr. Ogilvy, Assoc. Dean (Admissions), Medicine Faculty, 6:30, McConnell Hall.

Amnesty International
General meeting, 4 pm, Union 425.
Ctr. for Dev'ping Area Studies
Food Economy: A Case Study of Jamaica Dr. Witter, 12:30, Macdonald-Harrington Bldg C103E.

Afternoon Recital

Marie Savard, violin, Ottawa U, 4 pm. Recital Hall, 555 Sherbrooke.
CBC/McGill Festival Allegro
Betty-Jean Hagen, violin; Arthur Rowe, piano. Pollack Concert Hall, 8 pm.

Friday
Seminar in Northern Studies
Michel Denis on *Expedition Nomade '82*, 2 pm, Purvis Hall, 1020 Pine Ave. W. rm 24.

Pre-Xmas Pub Night
Happy hour 8-9 pm, Union Ballroom.
Debating Union
Meeting at 3 pm in Union 425.

CFRM Radio McGill
Jazz Focus: the music of '58-'62, 5:30.
McGill Film Society
Tonight *Midnight Express*; tomorrow Costa Gavras' *Z*. 7 & 9:30, \$1.75, L132.

Physiology Students' Association
Meeting at 2 pm, Med. Bldg, rm 1019.
Mature Students' Association (MSA)
Wine & Cheese at 3 pm in Leacock Conference Room.

Ctr. for Dev'ping Area Studies
In Macdonald-Harrington Bldg, C103E: at noon, seminar on *The Diffusion of Western Science to Kenya and India* by Prof. Elsemont; at 2 pm, seminar by Prof. Bruneau on *Petrology and the Formation of Portuguese Energy Policy*.



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INSIDE

BOSS

by Michel-Adrien Sheppard

"They say once you have dined with the devil, it is difficult to leave the banquet. My answer is that it's not hard when the people at the table start to make you vomit. That is how I feel about South Africa." (Gordon Winter, *Inside BOSS* — *South Africa's Secret Police*, Penguin, 1981)

The white minority dictatorship of South Africa is perhaps one of the most repressive police states in the world today. To dominate the Blacks as a reservoir of cheap, exploitable labour, South Africa has subjected the disenfranchised majority to the arbitrariness of an incredible series of laws that control what jobs Blacks can have, where they can live, what they can say and that allow the racist State to smash any revolts against the white master.

The rulers of the system of apartheid (the Afrikaans name for institutionalized racial oppression - pronounced "apart-HATE") have a lot in common with the Ku Klux Klan and the German fascists of the 30's (most of the current leadership were jailed in the last war for their openly pro-Nazi leanings). The only difference is that they don't lynch Blacks; they get the heavies of the Security Police to do that during torture sessions.

In this book, Gordon Winter, an ex-South African spy from 1963 to 1979 offers from first-hand experience a revealing glimpse into the workings and the mentality of one of the building-blocks of this system of police terror, BOSS (Bureau of State Security).

It is a hard book to stomach at times, because Winter does not try to defend himself. He simply describes what he did, infiltrating opposition movements in South Africa and in Britain, betraying acquaintances to the clutches of the security police, acknowledging his responsibility for the torture, and often death, of people who trusted him. Because of this detached and sometimes brutally cold style of *Inside BOSS*, it is perhaps equal if not superior to Philip Agee's famous *Inside the Company-The Diary of a CIA Spy*. There are no self-serving excuses, only fact after fact after fact about the secret police charged with the fight against the "svar-tegevaar" (the Black Peril).

From reporter to spy

As Winter tells us, he left Britain for South Africa in the early sixties, after a short career of petty thieving, to start a new life as a crime reporter on the liberal anti-apartheid *Sunday Express*.

He became a police informer out of sheer opportunism ("I wanted high contacts in the Justice Department to get good stories") and managed to build up a close relationship with then Minister of Justice, Johannes Vorster, later Prime Minister,

who fed him valuable information in exchange for favourable write-ups as a competent hard-nosed administrator.

In 1963, Winter was on his way to becoming a full-fledged operative for the dictatorship, when Vorster arranged a meeting between the ambitious reporter and the chief of the Security Police, Gen. Hendrik Van den Bergh, who was then in the process of setting up a Republican Intelligence (RI) unit, the precursor of what became BOSS in 1969.

Infiltrate and destroy

Van den Bergh's plan was to use Winter to recruit journalists for the RI, preferably ones with a liberal "kaffirboetie" ("nigger-lover") veneer. Their liberalism served as a good cover to infiltrate and wreck havoc in the Black resistance movement, driven underground and to the use of illegal sabotage tactics after the bannings of the constitutional Black nationalist movements in the wake of the 1960 Sharpeville massacre of innocent blacks participating in the mass civil disobedience "Defiance Campaign".

How to deal with recalcitrants

The method of recruiting was interesting. Uniformed Security Police members would approach reporters or Black activists with lucrative offers and give them a few days to "think it over". Winter would then visit them, under the pretext that his editor was full of indignation at police use of informers and that he was writing a story to expose these illegal measures. If the Black did not tell they had been approached, they were deemed trustworthy. What happened to those who refused can be guessed by what Winter tells us about William Letlalo, an old African National Congress activist. After having refused cooperation, he was harassed and placed under house arrest for 8 years, which cost him the use of his legs. "Less fortunate" recalcitrants were often arrested, interrogated under torture and then imprisoned under renewable 180-detention orders until they had "answered all questions satisfactorily", or banned to remote, inaccessible areas of the country, with no job or contacts with their families.

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NEW YORK CITY

heavy police locks between the street and the apartment. Still they can't keep the rats out. But that's not so bad 'cause they just kill them and throw them back to the derelicts outside.

But some artists make an effort to capture the spirit of the streets of New York. Most often this happens in pop music. The rap-disco song most often heard blaring from New York's omnipresent ghetto-blasters these days is *The Message*; *Grand Master Flash's* angry diatribe against urban decay. Anyone still believing disco is about mindless hedonism should hear verses like:

*You say I'm cool, I'm no fool,
But you wind up dropping out of
highschool,
Now you're unemployed, all null and*

Brendan Kelly

It's raining and looking at the streets of Manhattan, I realize that unlike nearly every other place in the world, the rain, rather than cleansing, accentuates the dirtiness of New York. I think of Robert DeNiro in *Taxi Driver*: "All the animals come out at night....some day a real rain will come and wash all the scum off the streets."

This thought is interrupted by a yellow cab speeding round the corner missing me by inches but managing to splatter my clothes with dirty puddle water. The scum from the street stains my pants.

Down in the subway, the graffiti on the trains mocks 'white' standards of literacy through its incomprehensibility. It seems to sneer "If you can't understand this, you fail our I.Q. test." The only advertisement still legible says: "STOP FEELING POWERLESS — Join the Auxiliary Police Force and Help Patrol the Subway."

The paranoid tension increases as the train grinds to a halt in the middle of a tunnel. The lights start flickering on and off as an intense argument develops between two teenagers. A friend had told me that the fashion last year was to push people in front of the trains. Thoughts of this peculiarly New York form of entertainment weren't helping to ease my fears. Suddenly there was a loud bang and the train started moving again.

But thinking of New York in these harshly realistic terms is often impossible. From Herman Melville's *Bartleby the Scrivener* to Thomas Wolfe novels, from Charlie Chaplin's *The King in New York* to Martin Scorsese films, from the Ramones singing "New York City really has it all" to Springsteen's *Jungleland*, New York is portrayed as a city of myths and dreams. Artists create their own Manhattan; one that doesn't necessarily have much in common with the streets outside their reading rooms. Everyone is free to their own interpretation.

Though this freedom is the essence of creativity, it just as often leads to a neurotic, detached lifestyle. The best example is Soho, the downtown artistic ghetto. On the surface, nothing but stinky, grimy old warehouses on equally dirty, garbage-filled streets; behind the facade are multitudes of clean, neat art galleries and expensive, tastefully decorated lofts.

The bums, wrapped in old copies of *The Times*, sleep against the garage doors, trying to catch whatever heat seeps out. In Soho, every studio has at least two, thick cast-iron doors with

*void,
Walking round like your Pretty Boy
Floyd,
Turned sticked-up kid, but look what
you done did,
Got sent up for an eight year bid,
Now your manhood's took,
Spend the next two years as an under-
cover fag,
Being used and abused to serve like hell,
To one day you were found hung dead in
your cell,
It was plain to see that your life was lost,
You was cold and your body swung back
and forth,
...Don't push me 'cause I'm close to the
edge.*

This psychopolis is defined by surviving on the edge. *Grand Master Flash* and *the Furious Five* sing about prison

deaths. I think about the police and recall the two cops I saw that morning staring at women's legs and making sexist jokes.

The cover story of the current *Village Voice* comes to mind. It's a story about a raid in a black, gay bar near Times Square. One customer recalls: "They called us black nigger faggots and said, 'we should shoot a couple of you.' They beat us indiscriminately for nearly an hour while they were laughing and joking." Paranoia seems like a healthy reaction to this environment.



taking, and mate-searching pleasure. The Finn McCool ethic dictates that the clubs only open after midnight but from then till dawn it's a non-stop rock cabaret.

The *Talking Heads* used to sing about this: *This aint no disco, this aint no party/ This aint no fooling around/ It's not the Mudd Club or CBGB's/ I aint got time for that now.* But, then again, that was a song about the apocalypse, so why should we bother listening to a bunch of paranoid hipsters.

Even Broadway hasn't forgotten the young as shown by the presence of the play *Lennon*. I don't know anything about the play but no matter how sincere an attempt, it's unequivocally despicable that there are ads proclaiming that the first 500 people will get in free on Lennon's birthday. The necrophilous possibilities are endless: for only two dollars more, you get a copy of the collector's item *New York Daily News* from the day after his death with the fab photo of the corpse on the slab....

For some the obscenity of Manhattan is abhorrent; for others, it's immensely appealing. The gonzo philosopher Lester Bangs describes why he loved to live downtown: "I get to walk outside everyday and immediately run into junkies, winos, pill pushers, shopping bag ladies, wasted street hookers, cripples and mutilations, rip-off artists of every description. It's a nightmare, but it never pretends to be anything else..." To each his own taste.

Walking down 5th Avenue, past the Chase Manhattan Bank and the nauseatingly expensive boutiques, the crowds gaze at the sky as three planes write a message with their exhaust smoke. Incomprehensible at first, it forms into the the cryptic phrase: *Welcome to Miller Time.*

Down on the street, there is a parade in progress with representatives from New York's myriad cultural communities. A marching band from the Ecuadorean community is playing *Yankee-doodle-dandy* with big smiles on their faces. Everyone is appropriately dressed-up.

A black woman, wearing clothes that look worn-out and slept-in, jumps into the middle of the parade and starts a superb satire of the dancing majorettes surrounding her. Her body moves to an unheard rhythm and her uncombed hair swings in unison with her movements.

The security guards soon encircle her and drag her to the sidelines, but not before the crowd gives her a loud cheer. The parade continues unimpeded.

AIN'T NO PARTY

Still there's Broadway theatre for the people from the suburbs who have the money to buy the tickets and the necessary tacky wardrobe to wear to the openings. The Metropolitan or Guggenheim Museums are also available for the faithful who want to pretend, for a few hours, that they're living in an ordered, civilized world. For the less culturally inclined, there's always 42nd Street for their hours of respite.

But the entertainment moguls haven't forgotten the lucrative youth market thus the existence of countless 'rock' clubs for your drinking, dancing, drug-

Bureaucracy and the good samaritan

by Greer Nicholson

Trying to be a good samaritan is getting harder and harder these days. That fact was made quite clear last week in the course of what seemed to be - initially - a simple mission.

A friend phoned up with a story that would melt the heart of any book lover. While walking through the alley behind his house, he had noticed a hard cover book being thrown out. The book said Concordia University Library on the side.

He asked if I could return it the next time I was at Concordia. After warning him that it might not be for a couple of weeks, I took the book home. Little did I realize that Donald Creighton's "The St. Lawrence River", a small inoffensive orange tome (complete with a summer 1981 due date) would cause so much trouble.

The porter in the Hall Building referred me to the fourth floor. Onwards and upwards I went, noticing the words "Science Library" as I entered what was to be the first stop in a one hour, fourteen-office confrontation with bureaucracy.

The first time I told the story to the woman on the desk, proffering the volume in a friendly manner, she looked at me suspiciously, and referred me to someone at another desk. Four desks later, I decided it was time to abandon the truth and think up a good lie.

The truth was getting such warm

responses as "So, how did you manage to steal this?"

"What's your friend's name?"

"What's the address of this house?"

I thought quickly, as I was referred to a mysterious "Office 440", which turned out to be something called "Guidance."

I explained that some friends of mine had moved into a house on Durocher and found this book on top of a pile of paper. No, they had no idea who had lived there before. No, I didn't know the person who had taken the book out. I was quite pleased with my lie. I seemed to be getting a gentler level of personal accusation than I had previously suffered.

Why hadn't I mailed the book, the nice lady at Guidance asked. I explained that the book looked almost brand new, and since it was mid-term time, I thought someone might appreciate having it back on the shelves quickly. I also explained that it had taken me a couple of weeks to get to Concordia, so I wanted to do this quickly. Please!

"You must be an Aquarius," she said.

"Er, no," I said. "I'm a Virgo."

"Ah," she said, knowingly. "I should have guessed."

"Can I give you this book?" I said hopefully.

"Oh dear," she replied. "It really ought to go to the Norris Building. The fifth floor. If I put it into circulation

here, they won't know where it came from."

This was definitely becoming very tricky.

"What's the address?" I noted a new tone of resignation creeping into my voice.

Off I went to Drummond Street. I had spent just over thirty-five minutes wandering through seven different offices. I had a choice to make. I could either decide that this was a really terrific way to spend a Tuesday morning or quietly dump the book into the nearest city garbage can.

I found myself in the elevator in the Norris Building. I had decided to enjoy this insanity.

After further shuffling through offices, I was sent to the sixth floor. There I spotted the information desk. By now, my lie had some great details thrown in. The book had been saved from a rainstorm by a kind book lover. It had been liberated from the hands of a bunch of engineers who had wanted to rip it up as a ritual sacrifice.

Ah well, I thought, and launched into the truth. The woman at the information desk looked suspicious, and referred me to circulation.

Could this be the end of the road, I wondered. No. That was too good to be true.

After carefully explaining the whole truth, I was pushed to another part of circulation.

The woman nodded. "What's the address of this house again?" she said. My temper was close to snapping.

"It was found behind a house and I'm a McGill student and I've never taken anything out of the Concordia Library. Furthermore, I wouldn't be caught dead reading anything by Donald Creighton because I had to read his stuff for a terrible history course many years ago AND I'M NOT EVEN INTERESTED IN THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER - I DON'T KNOW ANYONE WHO WAS REGISTERED AT CONCORDIA LAST YEAR."

I was definitely close to hysteria.

She nodded. "What's your friend's name again?"

I calmed down and said that he had nothing to do with it.

Finally, she ran the book through some system which gave her information on the book. She examined her word processor. I couldn't see what was written.

Finally, she allowed a somewhat bored look to cross her features. "That's fine," she said. "Thank you."

As I left Concordia, I mused upon the loss of the small orange volume. I had gotten used to it. Perhaps "The St. Lawrence River" would spend three more weeks being shuffled from confused bureaucrat to library helper and never get to the students who might need it for a course.

It would be nice to think that this kind of grand course in red tape covered paper bushes would be impossible at McGill. But that could only be true in an ideal world...

If the good samaritan were to find a bleeding man by the side of the road, he would probably ask for his Medicare card or Blue Cross number. He would probably form a committee to establish the seriousness of the illness, and refer the issue to them.

If I ever find a book by the side of the road, I hope I will have learned my lesson, and ignore it. But if that's the reaction the bureaucrats want, it's important that we keep fighting back. Apart from that, I could never resist a book in trouble.



Ferron

Feminism in song

by Margaret Fulford

I'VE GOT A FLAT-TOP SIX DRESSED IN
STEEL STRINGS
AND I DON'T HAVE YOU
YOU WOULDN'T LIKE THE LIFE
AND I WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO

Ferron's initiation into "the life" — the life of a musician — came when a friend secretly recorded her singing in her own bedroom in Vancouver, and got Ferron her first chance to perform. Since then she's spent a lot of time on the road. Her song *Our Purpose Here* expresses her commitment to such an existence, despite the loneliness that comes with it: *We said our purpose here was to be complete with "I want you."* The song is so important to Ferron that she thinks of it as a sort of "prayer."

Ferron's music, ranging from folk to folk-rock, varies in style and intensity from song to song. Her voice is unusual: at times flowing smoothly, at times raw or rasping, it is always resonant and expressive. Her album *Testimony*, produced in Vancouver by Lucy Records, includes a cut in which she accompanies herself on acoustic guitar. But other cuts, more elaborately mixed, feature various instruments including electric guitars, drums, cello, saxophone and organ.

A friend of Ferron's once complained that her lyrics were too obscure and poetic, and urged her to write a ballad. The result, *The Ballad of Sadie*, is as confusing — or intriguing — as the rest of her music, but according to Ferron "it's the closest I can come to events in the order that they happen."

Ferron hates performing in big halls with spotlights glaring in her eyes; her dream is to perform in total darkness and with no applause. But despite her reservations, music is what sustains her. At her recent performance at the Golem Café, she was flooded with applause after singing *Misty Mountain*. "I love to sing that song," she told us. "And I love that you love it. It saves me."

Ferron is unpredictable. I've been to three of her performances in the past six months, and each was different from the others.

She did a show this spring side by side with Lucie Tremblay, a dynamic young feminist musician from Montréal. Tremblay's own material includes a

raucous and funny blues tune about crossing Parc Lafontaine alone at night.

Ferron seemed ill at ease with the situation, perhaps because she was among francophones and speaks no French, perhaps because she was sharing the stage with another performer. For whatever reason, she was nervous and rude to the audience.

Things were different at the Michigan women's music festival, where Ferron performed outdoors, on an evening in August, before an audience of thousands. This time her music, with the help of a band, was more powerful. She hardly spoke, but the concert had an almost magical quality, and she completely won over the mainly American audience.

Ferron's music can be almost as moving when, armed with only an acoustic guitar, she performs in an intimate setting. She recently made her third appearance at the Golem Café. Between

songs she spoke warmly and openly about her life, explaining why she had written each song. She was witty as well — reminiscing about being thrown out of a gestalt group for laughing at it, or singing about the suspicious looks she received from her lover's parents in *Always throwing glances from the side*. But on the whole, her music is serious. Sometimes its emotional impact comes as a surprise. Once, yearning for freedom, Ferron "ran away," and found herself stranded and broke in a small American town. "I ate a lot of peanut butter," she says. "Now I can't think about freedom without associating it with peanut butter." She encouraged the audience to join in as she sang about freedom, and at first the song seemed funny; but it turned out to be quite sad.

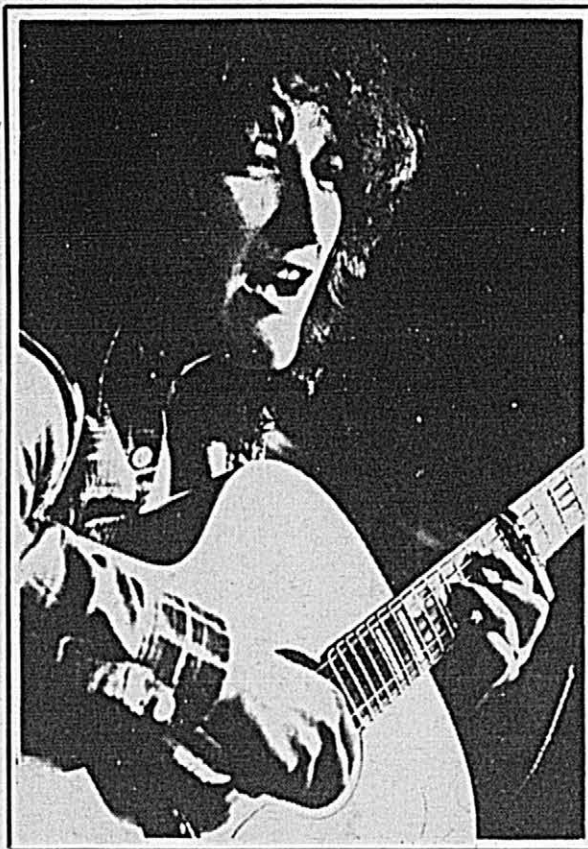
Ferron often writes about love between women. Some of her love songs deal with lovers breaking up. *Ain't Life A Brook* is quiet and full of regret: *You*

say you hope I'm not the kind/ To make you feel obliged/ To go ticking through your time/ With a pained look in your eyes/ You give me the furniture/ We'll divide the photographs. Lucie Tremblay has done a marvellous French translation of this song, and Marie-Lynn Hammond sings Ferron's version on Stringband's live album. *Who Loses* is more bitter: *And I walked to some river/ And I felt how it flowed/ Though I feel a beggar now/ I say I've chosen to go/ Some loving is torture/ It seems ours is not the way/ O Louise I'm gonna leave you now.*

Once Ferron was so depressed that she stayed in bed for weeks, until a friend convinced her to get up and write about it. The result was *Misty Mountain*. A fast, folk-rock song, one of her most powerful, it conveys a desperate yearning, asking: *Where can the quiet be?/ Is it underneath my covers/ Is it trapped inside my brain/ Is it up above the rushing river/ Is it up above the bed of longing/ Where the eagle takes the wind?*

Ferron is one of a number of women musicians who are increasingly popular among feminists in Canada and the U.S. Her most explicitly feminist song, *Testimony*, is also her most stirring. Some years ago Ferron was commissioned to write the theme song for *This is a Film about Rape*. She had herself been raped at the age of eighteen (she's now in her early thirties). She had a hard time writing it, and the day before it was due she found herself stranded in Toronto. Having spent her last \$3.85 at the liquor store, she stayed up late thinking and writing. The next day she was surprised to find that she had written something beautiful. *Testimony* is quiet and intense, and subtly conveys a feeling of pain and sadness. But ultimately it is a hopeful song about women's strength and spirituality: *But by my life be I spirit/ And by my heart be I woman/ And by my eyes be I open/ And by my hands be I whole.*

Above all, Ferron tries to express herself honestly through her music. Otherwise, she once wrote, "my history would be altered and what then would be the stories I would tell the others not yet come along or those weathered and so long waiting?"



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GRID



Uncle Vanya a noble failure

by Susan Keys

Theatre groups attempting to stage the plays of Chekhov set themselves a hard task, fraught with many obstacles. Considerable subtlety of interpretation is needed in order to bring out the delicate interplay of spoken and unspoken emotion, of pathos and comedy, inherent in Chekhov's drama. Failure to interpret character with a light enough hand drains the plays of irony, and makes the dialogue sound like a compendium of clichés worthy of Hallmark cards.

The Concordia University Theatre Department's recent production of *Uncle Vanya* exhibited this and other faults, and lapsed frequently into a histrionic style of acting that was deplored by Chekhov as inappropriate to his plays.

Uncle Vanya is a study of unhappy love, and the boredom and despair of people out of touch with their times, and lacking purpose in their lives. The play is set on a country estate, managed by the title character, Vanya, on behalf of his brother-in-law, 'the Professor,' Serebriakov. A visit by the Professor and his beautiful, young second wife Elena disrupts the daily routine in this dull backwater.

Vanya has long been intimidated by the Professor's academic prestige and worldly success. The presence of Elena, unsatisfied in her marriage, causes havoc. Vanya's repressed envy and self-loathing are released by the Professor's presence, and Elena's magnetic effect on men causes both Vanya and Astrov, the local doctor, to become infatuated

with her. To further complicate matters, Sonya, the Professor's daughter by his first marriage, suffers a profound, unrequited love for Astrov.

The revelation of the various characters' seemingly insoluble despair, resentment and longing culminates in Vanya's unsuccessful and rather comic attempt to shoot his brother-in-law.

The Concordia players were unsuccessful in tapping the rich emotional undercurrents of *Uncle Vanya*. Eric Grischkat was a campy, posturing Vanya, suitably anguished at the climax of the play, but up to that point, betraying little of the force of despair which propels him to his homicidal outburst.

Simon Barry as the Professor was predictably crotchety and selfish, but Barry's nasal delivery, uncannily reminiscent of Peter Lorre (remember Joel Cairo in the film *The Maltese Falcon*?), had an alienating effect.

The professor's daughter Sonya, pathetic in her resignation to an empty life of self-sacrifice, was overplayed by the rather breathless Danette

MacKay. Allan Arfin turned in a flat rendition of Astrov, and Meg Labelle as Elena was completely lacking in the sensual magnetism that supposedly so captivates Astrov and Vanya.

The secondary characters, generally played for comic relief, were on the whole competently interpreted. However, Lory Wainberg as the old nurse, Marina, was tedious rather than amusing, and very obviously a young woman attempting, and failing, to portray an older one. The general inability of young actors to convincingly portray age (or even middle age) plagued this production of *Uncle Vanya*.

Eric Mongerson's strictly functional set, more oppressive and cluttered with each act, adequately reflected the growing tensions of the play. The real surprise of the production was Valerie Kaelin's lovely and sensual costume design, which mirrored and reinforced the play's changes of mood and season.

All in all, the Concordia production of *Uncle Vanya* qualifies as a noble failure: much energy and time invested (particularly by a veritable army

of production staff, numbering just under one hundred people), with disappointing results.

Terry Donald's rather muddled direction was no doubt responsible for many of the inconsistencies in characterization, and the incongruities and unevenness of the production as a whole.

Uncle Vanya, by Anton Chekhov, translated by John Murrell. A production of the Concordia University Department of Theatre, directed by Terry Donald.

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Printed at Imprimerie Dumont, 9130 Boivin, Lasalle, Quebec.

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Editorial Offices: 3480 McTavish, room B03, Montréal, Québec, H3A 1X9 (392-8955). Business Manager: Angela Mar-
cogliese (392-8959). Advertising Manager: Michael Pacholka, room B17 (392-8902). Advertising Assistant: Marian
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The Daily is a founding member of Canadian University Press, La Presse Étudiante du Québec, and Campus Plus
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The background

by Melinda Wittstock

Daily, we hear reports of the slaughtering of hundreds of peasants in El Salvador, Guatemala and Honduras. The Military dictatorships in these countries will do virtually anything — torture, abduction and massacres — in order to suppress the leftist guerrilla movements from taking hold.

In Guatemala, 60 massacres in a span of four months have been reported, as security forces have been savagely killing thousands of peasants and villagers who they believe to be involved in guerrilla support.

Testimonies from campesino (peasant farmer) organizations, Indian groups and Church bodies give details of men being beheaded, women burnt alive and children being bashed to death against rocks. These massacres are referred to as the 'scorch the earth' policy.

In an interview with a foreign journalist, members of a local government civil defense patrol from Baja Verapaz in East Guatemala, have admitted carrying out atrocities on orders from military commanders.

Last April, they said they were told to seize and kill anyone they considered to be 'involved'. Children under 12 could be summarily executed if necessary.

Honduras, the new U.S. satellite police force, has been increasingly involved in the massacres of hundreds of refugees fleeing from neighboring countries such as El Salvador and Guatemala.

The military forces of El Salvador, Guatemala and Honduras have shown increasing collaboration in their fight to thwart the guerrilla movement. These three countries have co-ordinated the activities of their respective military and paramilitary forces, under a U.S. inspired plan called the 'Iron Triangle'.

"The strategy was the brainchild of U.S. imperialism, concocted in Washington upon critical reflection of the loss of Nicaragua from Somoza's National Guard to the Sandinistas", said Phillip E. Wheaton, Director of EPICA in Washington, D.C.

"The fundamental goal — overriding all other concerns — was to prevent 'another Nicaragua' in Central America," he said. This is the rationale for the creation of the Iron Triangle.

The strategy first became known following the massacre of 600 peasants at the Rio Sumpul river on the border between Honduras and El Salvador.

After a secret meeting between the three triangle countries and an American ambassador, the Salvadorean forces encircled an area containing about 1500 refugees and drove them to the border.

On the other side of the river, Honduran soldiers refused to let them cross into Honduras. The refugees, mainly women and children, were machine-gunned from both the air and the ground.

More evidence of the Iron Triangle is shown by the fact that in the midst of a civil rights conflict, El Salvador unexpectedly sought a peace treaty with Honduras in October, 1980.

There are also reports of rising violence against Salvadorean refugees who were often sent back across the border by the Honduran forces to face death. Further evidence is shown by the pressure for the defamation of Catholic priests in the border area, especially those carrying out capacitation and conscientization courses for the Honduran peasants.

The crux of the issue is that the United States is supporting the military regimes that are committing these atrocities.

In addition to the well-publicized U.S. aid to El Salvador, recent events point to an American military build-up in Honduras with the intention of replacing Nicaragua, under the Somoza regime, as the 'gendarmes' of the region.

In the past ten years, Honduras' military force has doubled in size, making Honduras the strongest military force in Central America. There are now 15,000 troops, not to mention their security force of 5000 and their police force of 5000. The military advisors in Honduras now number 100 according to the U.S. State Department. That is the highest number of advisors in any Central American country.

The total Honduran military expenditure has increased from \$7.5 million in 1971 to \$175 million in 1981. The 1978 U.S. economic aid totalled \$17.1 million. By 1980, that figure had jumped to \$53.1 million. Honduras is slated to receive a 50 per cent boost this November, not including the \$11 million for its airfields.

The United States is also continuing plans to modernize the armed forces of El Salvador and Guatemala. El Salvador has already received \$81 million in aid this fiscal year and is expected to receive an additional \$35 million this November out of a supplementary aid allocation being requested from Congress.

The Reagan administration has put in a symbolic request for \$250,000 in aid for Guatemala, although most observers agree that the figure will rise now that the new military government might be more palatable to a human rights — conscious congress.

It became known early in March that the Reagan administration approved a \$19 million budget for CIA covert actions against Nicaragua that include training ex-Somoza guardsmen and a 500 man Latin American paramilitary force.

These military regimes, supported militarily and financially by the American government, are being increasingly challenged by growing opposition at home.

"The appearance of death-squads, financed by certain businessmen in the country, and the habitual practice of torture by the police, have increased the consciousness of the leftist groups of the need for being prepared for even a military response" says Wheaton.

Soon after Honduran intervention in El Salvador, powerful explosions destroyed two power stations outside Tegucigalpa, the capital of Honduras. This was followed in early August with a series of bombings in the capital.

The security forces have responded with a crude counter-offensive carried out by their elite force, the Cobras.

In one raid on a supposed guerrilla hideout, helicopters, tanks and troops closed in on the home of the ex-director of the National University's School of Journalism. At least 15 people were killed.

'Disappearances' are becoming a regular tactic of the security police and Honduras' first death squad, the Movimiento Anti-Comunista Honoreno (MACHO).

Chris Pentland, of McGill's Chaplaincy service, says: "repression in Honduras is clandestine and selective. The security police pinpoint key people and they 'disappear' before things can start."

Estimates place the number of people abducted in the last year at 100. Amnesty International reports some 20 foreigners missing.

The Reagan administration wants to spend \$541.2 million on aid to El Salvador in the fiscal years 1982-83 according to Democratic Senator Christopher Dodd.

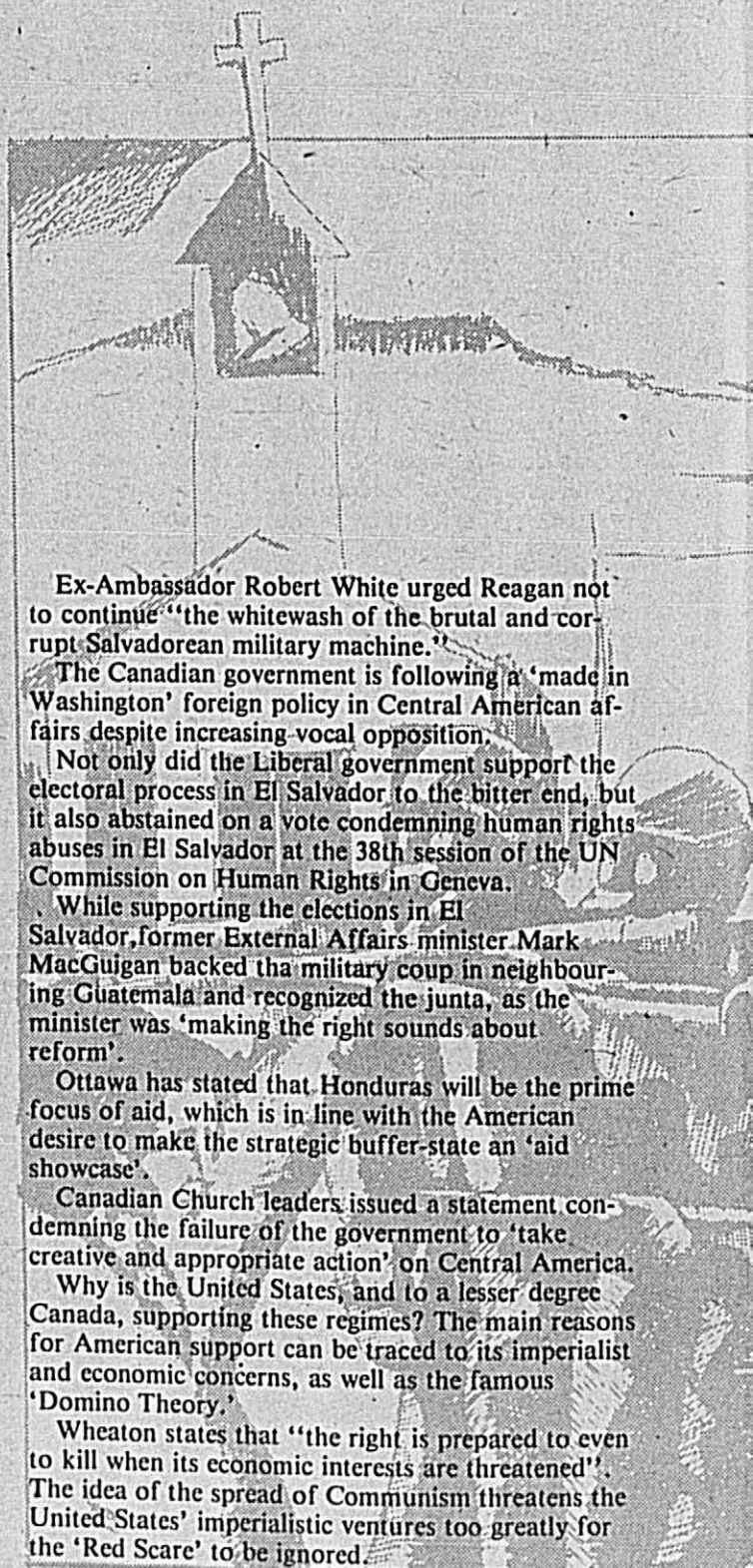
In order to keep the half of a billion dollars flowing, President Reagan once again made the necessary certification to Congress that the human rights situation was improving. However, it is quite obvious that it is not improving at all — rather, it is getting much worse.

Reports continue of army massacres including the late May slaughter of 600 peasants by two U.S. trained brigades — Atlactl and Belloso. Reports came out the beginning of this month that Guatemalan troops are entering Mexico in order to eliminate guerrilla camps on the border.

That which will not let us sleep,
That which keeps us from rest,
That which never ceases to batter, here, in
our hearts,
Is the silent protest
Of native women missing their husbands,
And the mournful eyes of the children.

Another six have disappeared,
And nine at Rabinal,
And two, and two more, and two more,

Central America and the



Ex-Ambassador Robert White urged Reagan not to continue "the whitewash of the brutal and corrupt Salvadorean military machine."

The Canadian government is following a 'made in Washington' foreign policy in Central American affairs despite increasing vocal opposition.

Not only did the Liberal government support the electoral process in El Salvador to the bitter end, but it also abstained on a vote condemning human rights abuses in El Salvador at the 38th session of the UN Commission on Human Rights in Geneva.

While supporting the elections in El Salvador, former External Affairs minister Mark MacGuigan backed the military coup in neighbouring Guatemala and recognized the junta, as the minister was 'making the right sounds about reform'.

Ottawa has stated that Honduras will be the prime focus of aid, which is in line with the American desire to make the strategic buffer-state an 'aid showcase'.

Canadian Church leaders issued a statement condemning the failure of the government to 'take creative and appropriate action' on Central America.

Why is the United States, and to a lesser degree Canada, supporting these regimes? The main reasons for American support can be traced to its imperialist and economic concerns, as well as the famous 'Domino Theory'.

Wheaton states that "the right is prepared to even to kill when its economic interests are threatened". The idea of the spread of Communism threatens the United States' imperialistic ventures too greatly for the 'Red Scare' to be ignored.

and ten and a hundred and a thousand
whole army
fitness to our suffering,
our fear,
our valour,
our hope.

at which will not let us sleep,
the threat of our RESURRECTION.

Julia Esquivel,
Costa-Rica, 1981

America Church

From now on...

by Mary O'Neill

Recent horrors in Central America do not hit home for most of us. We have been desensitized by a press which presents the "facts" in such a way that they seem excusable.

The common link between these horrific incidents is that they are acts committed by government authorities against their own people.

Seemingly, this systematic annihilation of a country's population by the very regime that rules the country is justified in some fashion. It must be justified because the American authorities (and in many less obvious ways, the Canadian government) stand behind these regimes in their persecution of their own civilians.

The story we are fed by the press and the authorities, so that we are not disturbed by these events, is that the regimes are acting to prevent a take-over by Communist infiltrators. We are told that the thousands of peasants that have been

slaughtered were in fact leftist guerrillas, inspired by Marxist (read Soviet and Cuban) infiltrators.

It is important that the revolutionary impetus be depicted as externally-inspired. This permits the regimes to claim legitimacy — to portray themselves as the true representatives of the popular will.

A more realistic picture is one of ordinary people rebelling against the governmental forces which have held them in abject poverty. In Honduras for example, 60 per cent of the population is under-employed — working, but not earning enough to live on. Wealth is concentrated in the hands of the ruling few.

People in these conditions are "radicalized" by much less sinister means than foreign, Marxist infiltration. It is evident that both the American authorities, and the regimes, are aware that the teachings of the Church in Latin America poses as much of a threat to their rule as any Communist plot.

What has complicated the cut-and-dry (and infinitely marketable) "Marxist infiltration" version of events in Central America, is the obvious role which the Church plays in the region. While it is easy to discredit an insurrection by labelling it, "a communist plot to destabilize the region", it would be hard to imagine an American spokesman condemning the same insurrection as "a christian plot to bring about social equality".

At one time the Church could be depended on to keep its nose out of politics. Its interests usually lay with the established regimes so church doctrine emphasized "rendering unto Caesar..." and other such submissive dogma. Suffering in the present life was depicted as an "investment" in some heavenly reward in the after-life.

But things are changing rapidly.

"Something is stirring in the Catholic Church," writes Monsignor Vincent Yzermans in the New York Times, "that portends an explosion between church and state that will make the abortion issue, the school-aid controversy and the tax-exempt status of churches look like a child's sparkler on the Fourth of July."

In the late sixties the Vatican under Pope John XXIII issued the document, *Gaudium et Spes* (Happiness and Hope). One passage reads, *God has destined the earth and all it contains for the use of all human beings and all peoples... economic development must not be left... to the arbitrary judgement of a few men of groups who have great economic power... or a few powerful nations.*

In the Latin American context, this new direction within the Church has been articulated in the "theology of liberation". Suddenly the Church is talking about concepts such as "justice" and "equality" as being of this earth, rather than some heavenly vision. What is more important is that they are standing behind concrete actions to achieve them. Pope Paul VI's, "Popularum Progressio", issued in 1967 is a recognition that *violence may be necessary under certain oppressive conditions.*

In the Second General Conference of Latin American Bishops at Medellin, Columbia in 1968 we find the church hierarchy denouncing 'institutionalized' violence (that of the regimes), demanding change and committing the Church to the liberation of the poor. This "option for the poor" was restated at the Third Bishops Conference at Puebla, Mexico in 1979.

The Church does much of its work through Base Christian Organizations (BCOs) which operate on a community-oriented, grass roots level. They bring together groups of twenty to thirty people to discuss their problems in the light of the Bible.

Since these people are generally poor and from the "marginalized" section of the population (that is, they have no input into the political process) these BCOs constitute their only arena for expressing their discontent. More importantly, by meeting collectively, they become aware of themselves as an oppressed class. Such an awareness is in itself an agent of revolution and thus such innocent groupings as the BCOs represent a very real threat to the Central American power structure.

Chris Ferguson, Chairperson of McGill's Chaplaincy Service, has served as an international observer in Honduras. His experiences in Central America have led him to different conclusions than those portrayed in the popular press:

"The American line is that *they're* not intervening. *Someone else is*, namely the Soviets and Cubans.

He continues, "People there are portrayed as wanting violence. The question we should be asking is not why do guerillas use violence, but how does one respond to the 'first violence'.

"The 'first violence' is the structural oppression of the people. The second violence, which follows from this, is repression through the military."

To illustrate the falsity of this "violence-loving guerilla" scenario, Ferguson relates the story of an observer in Nicaragua who approached a man working on a re-roofing project. Noticing an injury on the man's arm he inquires, "Did you hurt that in the Revolution?"

"No, I hurt that in the *fighting*," the man replied, "*This* (indicating his work) is the Revolution."

There is concrete evidence that the regimes of Central America are well aware of the threat posed by the churches. Apart from more obvious instances such as the assassination of Archbishop Romero in El Salvador, many lesser known incidents indicate that there is presently a concerted effort being made to discredit the Church itself as an agent of Marxist perversion.

A prime example is an incident involving the abduction, on June 18, 1981 of the Jesuit priest, Eduardo Pellecer Faena in Guatemala.

In spite of eye-witnesses to the abduction, who claim that Pellecer was at the time beaten to a state of unconsciousness, and in spite of the fact that Pellecer's Nicaraguan roommate was shot dead at the time, the Guatemalan authorities denied holding the priest.

Coincidentally, Pellecer suddenly "reappeared" on September 30, 1981 (112 days later) at the National Palace to give a press conference. At the conference, which was carried by all media in Guatemala as well as those in Honduras and El Salvador, Pellecer made incredible attacks on the Church.

Among the Church's "weapons" he said, are Marxist-Leninist "tools of analysis...which all Jesuits of my generation acquire during our studies." He accused the Church of supporting directly and indirectly, "subversive activity and recourse to violence." He concluded by begging the listeners to forgive his "mistakes."

The evidence indicates that Pellecer was subjected to a procedure known as "scientific" torture. This process involves the breaking down of the personality through physical torture, sensory deprivation, and drug bombardment, and the rebuilding of the psyche along desired guidelines.

This, and other similar incidents indicate that the regimes are attempting to halt the politicization of the population by the Church, by isolating and discrediting (and in many instances "removing") key church figures.

Chris Ferguson also attests to the mobilizing power of the Church. But rather than seeing the Church as an agent of Soviet or Cuban-style Marxism, he sees it as being revolutionary in and of itself.

"Many so-called Marxist principles are rooted in the old testament," he says.

"The people in these countries, wouldn't know 'dialectical materialism' if they stumbled over it," he says. "Yet every day they sing the *Magnificat*, which speaks of the mighty being brought down low.

"It is not that the christian thing is a come-on for Marxism, but that christianity is struggling for the same thing."

The greatest irony of all lies in the professed aethism of the Marxian dialect. For centuries, religion has been seen as the tool of the ruling classes for controlling the masses — hence, religion as the "opiate of the people."

In fact, this phrase is an excerpt from a much more complex paragraph by Marx:

Religious misery is at the same time, the expression of a real misery and a protest against the real misery. Religion is the sigh of the oppressed creature, the sentiment of a heartless world, the soul within a soulless world. It is the opium of the people.

McGill play lacks emotions

by Mary Bredin and Nancy D. Kingsbury

McGill's Players' Theatre opened their season last week with their version of William Inge's *Bus Stop*. Inge is best known for his plays *Come Back, Little Sheba* and *Picnic*.

Bus Stop first opened on Broadway in 1955 and was later made into a movie with Marilyn Monroe as the leading lady. Despite a somewhat dated quality, the play is still able to hold the attention of a modern audience. McGill's production had a nostalgic air, almost as if

one were sitting in a cinema in the 50's munching popcorn.

The story unfolds as four bus passengers are stranded at a tacky diner in the middle of a blizzard *somewhere* in the depths of Kansas. In a typical Saroyan style, the characters personify various human traits, and are forced to deal with the problems and loneliness of their lives over the course of a long night. Tennessee Williams also relied heavily on this technique of character development and conflict in unchosen closed situations.

The play unfolds as Grace, the diner's proprietress, and Elma, her diligent, young waitress, are cleaning up the restaurant in preparation of the bus's arrival. Cherie, the country girl turned night club singer, then bursts on to the stage in an emotional tivy as she has found herself, somewhat to her dismay, to be the object of a young cowboy's passion. Bo, the cowboy in question, is determined to return to his Montana ranch no longer a lonely single man.

The development of the rela-

tionship between these two characters is the central theme around which the tension and action of the rest of the cast revolves. All other emotional entanglements, such as that between Carl, the bus driver, and Grace, and between the professor Dr. Lyman and Elma, are secondary to Cherie and Bo's.

The part of Cherie played by Marilyn Monroe in the movie version was done here by Myeva Surjik. By far the most difficult part, Surjik has to deal with the conflicting values of a sleazy bar room singer and the values of a good southern girl. Though Surjik portrayed a likeable character with whom one could empathise, she never attained the essence of the classic Monroe character (the good girl who got a few bad breaks but still believes in the kindness of strangers).

Peter Manos is a familiar face in Players' productions and does a commendable job as the standard professor type. Interesting casting provided him with an opportunity to present a different portrayal of the role. He flirts most elegantly with the local waitress who, being the virtuous all-American girl that she is, does not recognize his advances. Deborah Kornachuk played the amiable 17 year old to a tee and the teeth never stopped flashing throughout the whole performance.

Inge had written Grace as perhaps the loneliest of the play's lonely. Malvina Klag, with a southern accent reminiscent of the character Flo on TV's sitcom *Alice*, was not able to interpret the fundamentally tragic nature of the diner's owner. Grace has brief encounters with passing bus drivers about whose marital status she is ignorant. Yet how does one compensate for a life so empty that she unwillingly turns the lights out in the diner every night as she is the last to leave.

Paul Bogaards turns in a convincing performance of more than simply the gangly cowboy's southern accent. He plays Bo as the uncomfortably passionate youth with a very expressive technique. Commanding in both his physical size and emotional presence, he controls the pace of the play with

continued on page 14

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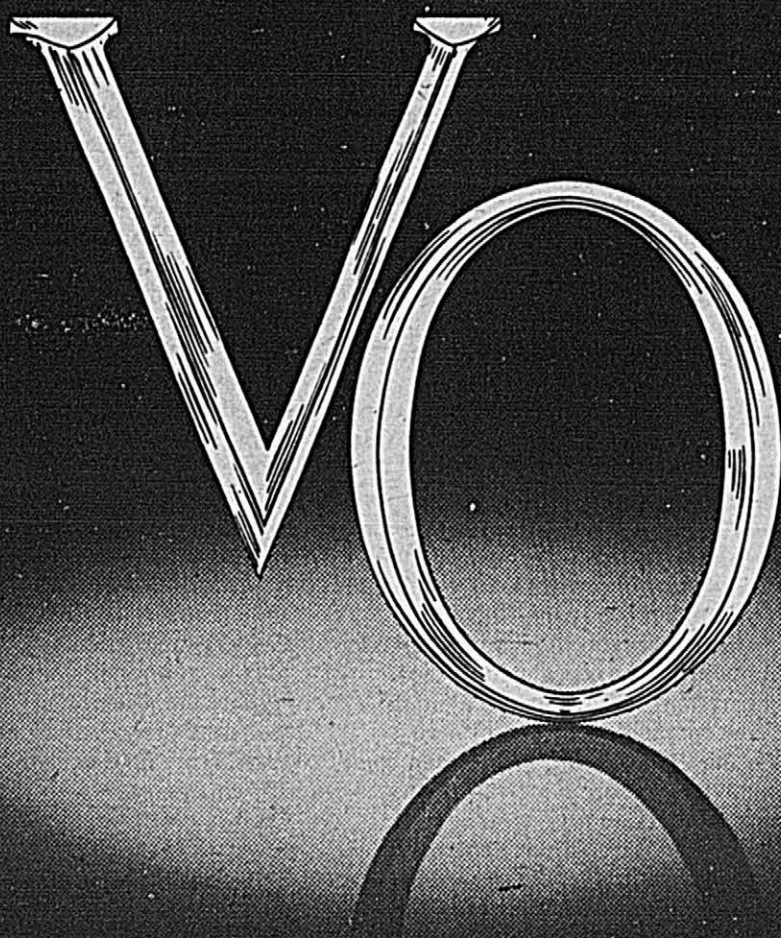
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Nina Hagen returns

by Richard Flint

Following up on two hugely successful gigs in Montréal this summer Nina Hagen is returning.

Hagen, originally from the workers' paradise of East Germany, has now taken up residence in the boss' haven of New York. She returns to Montréal with the credit of two sell out concerts last August (she was held over the second night by popular demand).

Hagen's style is unique — no-

one else would get away with it. Her vocals have the haunting quality of an opera singer on amphetamines, like Edith Piaf on an acid trip... She had formal voice training as a teenager.

Hagen had the dubious honour of being thrown out of a country which many people risk life and limb to escape from. In Europe she established a reputation as an iconoclastic artist (she will never be allowed on Austrian television again).

In North America her

popularity is rising. She has recently moved to New York, and has begun to introduce english language lyrics into her work. In Montréal she has a large following, particularly amongst francophones and the disco-clone set.

Her two concerts in Montréal this summer were fabulous displays of energetic rock music. She played through most of the material from her latest album *Nunsexmonkrock*, along with some unexpected and



unusual cover versions (Rivers of Babylon, Satisfaction and Rien de Rien)....

The one major drawback of

her concert at Le Club was its location. Crowds of confused trendies spent most of the concert installed in cinema-type seats, drinking their feet and tapping their booze. Those few die hards who wanted to dance were impeded by the seats and the small dance floor.

The concert on Saturday, November 20th is being held in the Crémazie beer gardens, near Crémazie métro. Unlike most of the venues in Montréal there are no seats at Crémazie and the acoustics are excellent. The Gang of Four played the beer garden when they came to Montréal, and the physical surroundings ensured a total dance participation by the audience.

Jam splits up

The public gets what the public wants

Paul Weller

Hope I die before I get old

Pete Townshend (hero of above)

by Richard Flint

In the packet of polygram promo sheets we received this week was a terse little press release on the break-up of the Jam — the Mod supergroup, the beat-boys who sang about love, honesty and truth wrapped in a Union Jack.

They were a different sort of new wave band. They wore nice mohair suits, they liked Tamla Motown instead of Reggae, and their politics were a little to the right of other groups ("Whatever happened to the great Empire?"). In fact, none of this was new anyway.

It was the old Brighton mod scene again, scooters, mohair and neat haircuts for the young middle classes who didn't like blacks but were willing to listen to soul music if it was blended with a rock beat and sung by nice white kids from south London.

The Jam emerged in time to capitalise on the new trend. I was living in Brighton at the time, when the kids started to come down in their scooters again looking for rockers to pick fights with (the Jam emblazoned on their army surplus parka jackets). There weren't any rockers about who cared to fight (when they filmed *Quadrophenia* they had to hire

Sussex University students as extras to play the rockers) so the "new mods" had to pick on punks, skinheads and short people with funny glasses.

So the Jam got big by fooling themselves that they were the Who. Their fans got beaten up and kicked around by the police 'cos they thought they were mods.

The music was ok. A begrudged compliment because, after the atrocious first album, it was obvious that promotion, production and a lot of imitation were going into the "product."

It would be unfair to blame the death of punk on the Jam. It happened at the same time, but there were a lot of reasons for what was essentially an autonomous youth movement getting bought out by commercial interests and turned into junk. The Jam were just one of the symptoms.

Somehow we are supposed to grieve the passing of the Jam. Somehow we are supposed to see this as the passing of an era, the last chapter in some saga.

But that's bullshit. The Jam came into existence as the final chapter in a saga that had

already been played out beyond its normal lifespan.

The music was groovy. It was swell and it was probably neat. Songs like *Down in a tube station at Midnight*, *Eton Rifles*, *Life from a window*, *This is the modern world* and *Town called malice* were pleasant.

But so what? The band has broken up. Lots of bands break up. It's a cycle in the industry. people get pissed off with each other and they decide to go their own ways and do more interesting things.

The Jam aren't content to pass gently into the oblivion they deserve. Rather we have a press release so cute I have to share it with you all:

What follows are extracts from Paul Weller's "personal address to all our fans":

...I feel we have achieved all we can together as a group. I mean this both musically and commercially.

Well, not quite commercially, 'cos the press release informs us that "The new single, 'beat surrender', and the live album will be the last of the Jam other than compilation albums." That's right, Polygram will be giving us the best of, the selected hits of, and the most interesting of the Jam for years to come. Back to Paul:

What we (and you) have built

up has meant something; for me it stands for honesty, passion and energy and youth...

I've written this as a direct contact with you (through press releases?), and so you hear it from us first. But also to say thank you for all the faith you have shown us and the building of such a strong force and feeling that all three of us have felt and been touched by...

Knock me down with a feather Paul. How humble Paul, how decent, how youth and how pretentious. Thank the little fans for wearing your logo, thank them for buying your albums, thank them for making you rich, that's fine. But their faith, their creation of a strong force? That really means a lot.

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A service of the McGill Students' Society



Inside BOSS: South Africa's secret police

continued from page 3

To maintain his credibility, Winter, on the orders of Van den Bergh, aided the families of detainees, helped many activists flee the country and wrote moderately anti-apartheid articles. His biggest exploit was to befriend Winnie Mandela, "the most dangerous woman in South Africa" and wife of Nelson Mandela, the leader of

the militant underground Spear of the Nation sabotage wing of the African National Congress, who is presently serving a life sentence on the infamous Robben Island.

Winter's cunning ruthlessness is shown in a short passage that reveals his utter lack of principle. "I found out that Peter Magubane, one of South Africa's famous Black

photographers, was helping (Winnie) Mandela in her secret activities. I knew Peter quite well and liked him. But that didn't stop me from betraying him. He spent a total of 586 days in detention, much of it in solitary confinement".

Prison Diary

To protect his cover, Van den Bergh arranged for Winter to spend 116 days in jail in 1966. His prison diary, major portions of which are reprinted in the book, contain detailed accounts of the starvation diet of "mealie pap" (watery porridge) dished out to Blacks, the heavy, mind-stultifying labour, the lack of medical treatment and insanitary conditions, the humiliating homage the Blacks had to pay to the white prisoners and brutal, uneducated Afrikaner guards. The prisoners were also subject to daily beatings and racist insults.

"Expulsion" to Britain

In 1966, Winter was "expelled" from South Africa and went to London on Van den Bergh's orders, as a journalist specializing in South African affairs and Black affairs in Britain. His duty: join various press associations and, under the cover of being a writer for liberal anti-government papers in Johannesburg (which he

was), to gather info on anti-apartheid Liberal and Labour MPs, left-wing reporters, the activities of anti-apartheid groups and South African exiles in Britain, and on any secret contacts they had inside the gigantic concentration camp called South Africa.

Covert actions in Britain

All this was done in closest conjunction with BOSS spies working out of the South African Embassy in London (he names them all), and Winter spares us none of the details about BOSS bugging, pilfering of documents from the ANC, Amnesty International, the International Defense and Aid Fund (a human rights group that the McGill South Africa Ctee. works with), the British Anti-Apartheid Movement, photographing demonstrators, intercepting letters to and from South Africa, the use of smear tactics against influential opponents of apartheid,...

The results of these activities were devastating inside South Africa: information on covert addresses used by Black revolutionaries or adversaries of apartheid led to mass arrests and torture. The cases that made Winter feel "proudest", was the theft of documents from the London hotel room of Sam Nujoma, leader of the liberation organization SWAPO fighting against South Africa's illegal occupation of Namibia, and the befriending of Adelaide Tambo, wife of the ANC leader, Oliver Tambo. The resulting "Terrorism Trial" of 1967-68 against 37 SWAPO leaders was a brilliant propaganda coup for Pretoria; likewise, massive police swoops against underground ANC militants came in handy around election time.

Apartheid Fronts

Winter gives long descriptions of the various pro-South Africa propaganda "fronts" which received shovel-loads of money from BOSS to counter critical articles in the media and to discredit solidarity campaigns. He himself was instrumental in helping to set up the "Club of Ten," fronted by respectable British millionaires of conservative slant, which placed costly pro-South Africa business and tourism ads in prestige papers around the world.

The movement BOSS hated the most was the "Stop the Seventies Tour" (STST), a coalition of anti-apartheid groups opposed to segregated sporting tours to Great Britain. Under the leadership of ex-South African Peter Hain, member of the British Liberal Party, STST had a phenomenal success in 1970, as its militant demonstrations, often brutally baton-charged by the cops, brought humiliating attention to the situation in South Africa.

Jeremy Thorpe scandal

Hain was eventually acquitted on all charges of incitement to violence, mainly because Winter had been ordered to switch sides and testify in Hain's favour. BOSS needed him to mount its greatest action: the exposing of strongly anti-apartheid Liberal Party leader Jeremy Thorpe's homosexual affair with male model Norman Scott. Destroying the Liberals, so thought the BOSS-men would assist the "friendlier" Tories.

When the Thorpe "sex scandal" broke out, Winter's cover was blown and he returned to South Africa to join *The Citizen*, a newspaper formed, funded, and owned by BOSS and the Information (read Propaganda) Department. Winter describes his role at the paper as follows:

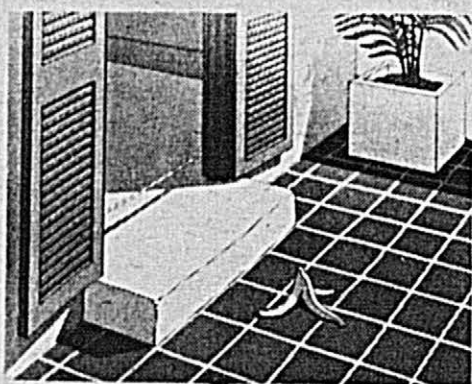
Citizen hatchet-man

"I was Pretoria's number one hatchet-man, a character-assassin. Not that I had to write lies all the time when BOSS instructed me to smash or smear someone. The unscrupulous journalist can pervert the truth by concentrating on the negative and diminishing the positive....

As Winter goes to explain, there are many methods of defaming the author of a book or article critical of apartheid:

one can attack convoluted grammar if the facts are unavailable; if damaging statistics are used, the old cliché

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continued from previous page
that they can be made to lie can be dragged out of the journalistic dépot; and, of course, there is the most handy weapon in the arsenal of slander, the accusation that the writer is a "crypto-Commie", or "Red dupe".

Pinning Hain to the wall

Winter was told to "pin that political butterfly, Hain, to the wall". While covering the anti-Springbok demos for Morning Star (the Communist Party paper, perhaps the most brilliant cover one could use), Winter took thousands of film shots later forwarded to BOSS analysts in Johannesburg. At the same time, he helped set up BOSS-funded fronts, such as the "Democratic Anti-Demo Organization", and the "Society for Individual Freedom" (SFIF) which raised money for a "Hain Prosecution Fund". These organizations were linked to the racist extreme right in the

Conservative Party (Harold Soreff, Enoch Powell, Monday Club).

"Liberation" Propaganda

Winter did not only do a number on the régime's liberal and more radical adversaries. He also was a prolific propaganda writer, especially on the subject of supposed "liberation" movements trying to overthrow the "Moscow-inspired dictatorships" in Angola and Mozambique.

As Winter tells us, quoting extensively from BOSS secret files he managed to smuggle out of South Africa when he fled in 1979, these movements were creations of BOSS and South African Military Intelligence, and are composed of CIA-funded mercenaries, wealthy farmers and secret police of the former Portuguese colonial régime, South African Army Beret-style units, and some Blacks disenchanted with the

radical changes after the liberation of the Portuguese colonies. The role of these "movements" (UNITA in Angola, the Mozambican Resistance Movement) was to destabilize the anti-apartheid nationalist regimes in Luanda and Maputo through massacres of civilians, and the destruction of crucial agricultural and transportation installations.

Reading this book can only reinforce one's disgust for the apartheid system, and for those who, like the McGill Board of Governors, help perpetuate what can only be described as a pathological survival in our midst.

Winter, despite his participation in revolting actions against the democratic and progressive forces in South Africa, both White and Black, decided that

"the people at the table were starting to make him vomit". And though he shall never be able to repay the victims of his crimes, he nevertheless has exposed, whatever his ulterior motives may be, what the Blacks of Southern Africa and anti-apartheid activists are up against in the struggle to eliminate apartheid, denounced repeatedly as a "crime against humanity" by the United Nations, from the face of the earth.

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Applications to DPS, Room B03, University centre, by November 5th.

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...Bus Stop

continued from page 10

admirable skill. Without a strong actor in the role of Bo the play would fail to achieve any tension and inevitably lose the audience's interest. He gives the part depth and despite the fact that he punches Will in the nose, we can honestly believe him when he says he is a 'tender' person.

The set was perfect in its realistic portrayal of a tacky midwestern greasy spoon found on highways throughout North America. From the griddle that actually cooked eggs down to the chipped linoleum floor to the 1950's *Life* magazine on the rack by the door, the set was out standing. The set could have been unfriendly but the Franklin stove in the corner and the fresh donuts on the counter added a homey touch to this isolated spot. Grace's Diner is truly a refuge from the outside blizzard and provides a brief respite for the characters from the vagrancies of the real world.

The performances are good but one couldn't help but

wonder if any of these actors have ever actually travelled all night and experienced the disorientation and exhaustion it entails. Though lots of coffee is consumed and Dr. Lyman passes into a drunken stupor, no one ever seems to act out the effects of the ungodly hour — the bus leaves at 5 in the morning! Elma's spunk and energy never seem to lessen despite the all night emotional arena.

The play unfortunately only ran a week due to the upcoming Tuesday Night Café productions. TNC does not have its own theatre as Morris Hall is still under renovation. They open next week in the same theater with three one act plays written by students. Tuesday Night is noted for its unusual and innovative productions and these plays ranging from the absurd to the somewhat realistic will surely provide an interesting evening of theatre. They will be reviewed next Thursday but opening night is, most appropriately, Tuesday night.

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Classes for the **Dec. 4 LSAT** in Montreal, Nov. 18, 20, 21 and for the **Jan. 29 GMAT** in Montreal, Jan. 7-9

To register call or write: **GMAT/LSAT PREPARATION COURSES**

P.O. BOX 597, Station A TORONTO, ONT. M5W 1G7 (416) 665-3377 in Montreal call (514) 286-4005 Course for the Dec. 11 GRE in Toronto Dec. 4, 5

card, Business Cards; etc. Please call Bruno 274-3187 if found.

Lady who left navy photos on xerox. Contact McLennan library porter.

374 - PERSONAL

HELP! Very much alone hetro seeks social group, non-smokers, non-noise, any ages or denoms for picnic outings, classical music, etc. Any real people out there in this world of crazies? Come, let us conquer the flypaper and stick together. Ron. P.O. Box 595, Outremont, Que. H2V 4N4.

Black male student 23 years old. Looking for female companion 21 and over. Any race or nationality. Call Tony at 637-4321 every-day after 7:00.

DETOUR

Nov. 4th

S.M. & P.P. - Happy 1st! Am I really invited Thurs. pm? Have a WICKED fun time ... M. (& K.)

Nov. 9 Election Issue of The Daily. 40,000 copies will be issued. Ad deadlines Friday Nov. 5 at noon - come to Union B17 for info.

383 - LESSONS OFFERED

Have you ever wanted to play piano, guitar, violin, trumpet, the gong, anything! We have fine, patient teachers at reasonable rates. Call M.U.S. 392-4367.

Vous êtes intéressés à des cours de piano, flûte, guitare, etc... Plusieurs étudiants en musique donnent des cours à des prix raisonnables. Appeler M.U.S. 392-4367.

English Tutoring Service. Private tutoring sessions. "At home" tutoring available. Proofreading. English translations. 3465 Côte des Neiges, No. 52, Montreal. Tel.: 933-8106.

385 - NOTICES

Come to a Montreal Citizens' Benefit Dance Sat. Nov. 6 at 3535 Park ave. Great music, bar, food. Admission only \$3.00. Information: 392-6742 or 849-6957.

DOUG SCOTT: THE HIMALAYA "ALPINE STYLE", an illustrated lecture of ascents of Kangchenjunga, Shivering, and Shishabangma: NOVEMBER 8th, 8 p.m. McGill, Stewart Building S 1-4. Tickets: \$5., at Black's LaCordée, Globe-Trotter, Reel Cycle, and at door:

P. & O.T. Toga Party: featuring wet toga contest and prizes. Professional D.J., full bar, cheap booze. Saturday, Nov. 6th, 8:00 p.m. Medical annex, 3708 Peel.

Self Defense for women - Intensive weekend course for all women between 12 and 92 years of age. Bring your friend, mother or daughter. Nov. 6th and 7th. 843-4733.

McGill Ski Sale! November 3, 4, 5, 6, 10:00 am - 9:00 pm in the Union Building. New and used equipment. Low prices.

Life, is it falling apart around you? For living problems, try Emotions Anonymous, every Wednesday, 3484 Peel St., 3rd floor, 8:00 p.m.

McGill Daily & Concordia Link will print 40,000 issues on Nov. 9 for Municipal Election. Deadline for ads noon Friday, Nov. 5. Come to Union B17 for info.

CURLING!

The McGill Curling Club meets on Saturdays at 1:30 p.m. at the Royal Montreal Curling Club, 1850 de Maisonneuve West. Everyone Welcome.

THE 1982 PLEDGE CLASS OF E X Fraternity

Presents A

SWEET and SOUR Happy Hour

FEATURING

RUM DAIQUIRIS and GUINNESS STOUT
Friday, Nov. 5th at 4:00 p.m., 3581 University St.



Come to **McConnell Hall's Annual**

HIT PARTY

... And Get Blasted

9:00 p.m., Fri., Nov. 5
Residences at
Top of University St.

Sponsored by Labatt

To owner of beautiful Labrador tied up outside Chemistry Building: I'm available MWF 9-10, 11-12 to walk your dog (free). See you Friday morning, Bill.

391 - GARAGES FOR RENT

Convenient indoor parking in secure, heated garage space corner Peel and Dr. Penfield. Immediate, to June 30. \$48 monthly. 845-7991.

McGill students: \$2.00 per day. For 3 days, \$1.75 per day; more than 3 days, \$1.50 per day.

McGill Faculty and staff: \$3.00 per day. All others: \$3.50 per day.

The Daily reserves the right not to print a classified ad.



Tuck School at Dartmouth College

Who Attends?

Each year, a class of approximately 140 men and women enters Tuck School for the two-year MBA program. Over 100 undergraduate institutions and several foreign nations are represented in the student body.

Other statistics for the class which entered in Fall of 1982 include:

Mean age	25	Minority	5%
Married	22%	From	
Women	26%	Dartmouth	9%
1 year + work experience	85%		

Summary of Undergraduate Majors

Economics	30%	Engineering	18%
Soc. Science	15%	Business	12%
Humanities	15%	Other	10%

The School favors applicants with a solid foundation in the social, physical or natural sciences, the humanities or engineering. At the same time, it is the admissions policy of the School to seek diversity, and the School recognizes excellence in many areas. The School's equal opportunity program aims to provide special encouragement to women and minority groups. The primary goal of the School's financial aid policy is that no admitted student be denied the opportunity to pursue the graduate program for lack of financial support.

If you are interested in learning more about the Tuck MBA Program, make plans to speak on campus with the following Tuck School admissions representative:

Scott Settle
Assistant Director of Admissions
Friday, November 5
Check with
Office of the Dean of Students
3637 Peel St • 392-5287

Get a Head Start!

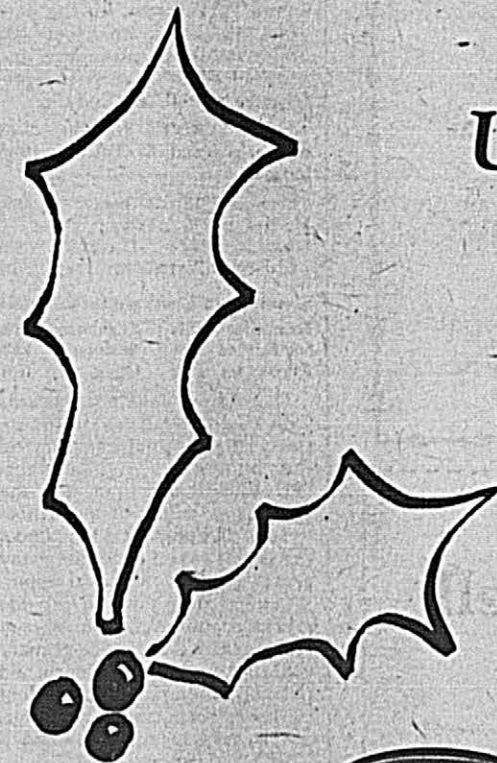
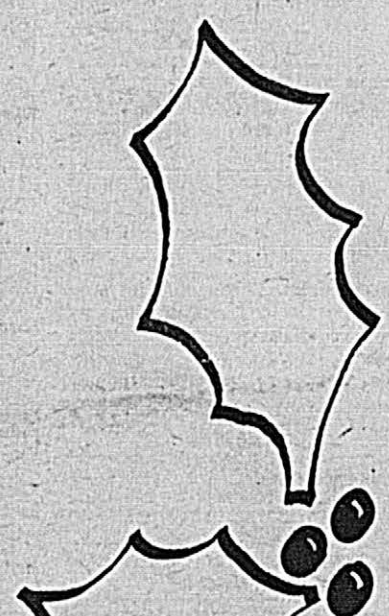
PRE X-MAS PUB

Friday, NOVEMBER 5th, 8 p.m.

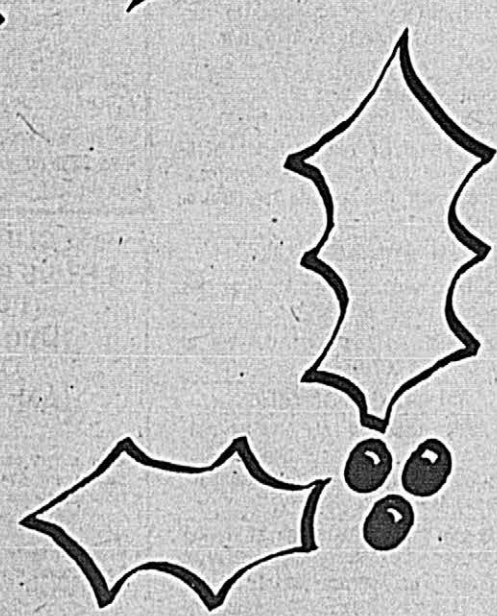


**HAPPY
HOUR ***

8 - 9:30



Union Ballroom, 8 p.m.
Admission \$1.00



Sponsored by:

McGILL
**ARTS &
SCIENCE**
UNDERGRADUATE SOCIETY

